

# "Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Diggins

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## Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.  
Translated By Helen Rowland.

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Now, my Beloved, a man of Babylon came unto me bearing a silver purse, studded with many precious gems and adorned with much monogram. "Lo," he said, "in the streets where the shoppers are congregated I picked up this thing, and I have brought it unto thee that thou mayest discover the owner. For she that hath lost it MUST be in deep distress, having parted with all her wealth."

Thereupon I opened the purse and spread its contents upon the table, and they were as follows:

- One violet pastille.
- One powder rag.
- One safety-pin.
- One lucky nail.
- One sachet bag.
- One trading stamp.
- One recipe for beauty cream.
- One sample of tooth paste.
- One souvenir glove-buttoner.

Seven samples of silk, five samples of lace, two odd buttons, a shopping list.

And thirty-four cents.

"Go to!" cried the man, for he was ASTONISHED. "What is THIS? Lo, CAN it be the diamond of an ostrich?"

But I mocked him, saying:

"Nay, my Son, these are the treasures of a shopper, who hath been at hard labor all day collecting them: Even now she may be WEEPING at her great loss."

Yet he was mystified and shook his head, saying:

"WHAT could she have bought with thirty-four cents?"

Then did he hear my ha-ha!

"Go to!" I cried scornfully. "Hast thou NO imagination? She hath bought nothing! She hath been 'just looking,' but she hath had a GOOD TIME!"

Yet he understood me not, but went his way sadly, saying:

"Lord, Lord, WHY hast thou made them THUS? For this RIDDLE is the Wife Man's Burden!"

Selah!

## Babbling Bess

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By Harry Palmer

## "Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue?  
There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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WHEN the Path is Uncertain Blaze One of Your Own!

Most Epithologists are so Imaginative that they Think they Get It Over!

After you know both the Palm and the Pine you come to Love the Unemotional Trees in the Mid-Ground!

Never mind if Reality does imply Soundly - It Doesn't Hurt!

Always the Abnormal is an Abcess with an Ache Attachment.

Some Day our Idea of a "Good Time" will be something that won't Knock us Physically and Spiritually into Plunders!

We always Fall for a Panhandler unless he Tells Us that he is unable to get work!

Some of us never find out how Skinny we can become until we open a Savings Bank Account!

We never intend to Rise on the Ashes of our Dead Self until we've been Actually Burnt to the Ground!

Season the Laugh with Pity when your Buddy Makes a Mistake!

Whenever we hear a Man say that Such-and-Such a Thing doesn't "Get Him Nuthin'" we Size him Up to see where he Keeps his Tentacles!

Whenever the Job Begins to Irk we Hark Back to Temple Bells and Tropic Seas and "Play" we're There Again!

When we can't Log Up any other Excuse we Attribute it to our Early Environment!

Just heard that a Bucko Male who once soaked us with a Belaying Pin at Singapore has Gone Aloft for Keeps - and he wasn't a Bad Matey at that!

We know a Spliced Girl who loves Dogwood Blossoms better than Orchids - and we've Provided her with Both!

Get out your Dickens and look up Mark Tapley for the Anti-Gloom Dope!

Often when you "call" Trouble you find him a Tin-Horn!

Somewhat we Never Get Over feeling a Little Gloomy over the Fact that we're Doing Our Bit Outside instead of Inside!

Some of us Lose Out because we don't Watch the Cut!

Some of us are So Determined to Be Miserable that we See the Clouds after they've Rolled By!

Don't let your Hate take on an Asbestos Finish!

FINE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

"It's positively disgusting!"

"What is?"

"The way people crowd to the theatre to see an improper play. Just think! They've sold out the house for three weeks in advance!"

"How do you know?"

"I tried to purchase tickets and couldn't!" - Judge.

## Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

### The Bashful Lover.

A GREAT many young people who write to me for advice in their love affairs confide to me that they are troubled with shyness, and ask me how to overcome a fault that causes them much discomfort and makes them appear at their worst at the very time they are most anxious to appear at their best.

My dears, remember this! Shyness is really self-consciousness. If you can manage to forget yourself, somehow, you will find you have at the same time forgotten your shyness.

Do not try to be brilliant or think too much about the impression you are creating. If you wish to forget that you are shy, think of the person to whom you are talking. Fix your mind upon what he or she is saying, be interested in that.

### "Sometimes Tired."

A GIRL who signs her letter "E. W." writes:

"I am engaged to be married, and my fiancé calls almost every evening. Sometimes when I am tired I receive him in a flimsy way. My mother is very old-fashioned and disapproves of this informality. Is she right?"

Your mother is quite right. If you do not feel well enough to dress you should not receive callers.

### A Kiss.

A GIRL who signs her letter "H. W." writes:

"A young man who says he loves me often kisses me. He has never asked me to marry him, but I wish to know if it is improper to kiss him under the circumstances."

I have repeatedly said it is improper for a girl to kiss any man other than her fiancé.

## Fashion Notes From Paris

THE French creators of fashion are awaiting the coronation of King George V. with considerable interest.

They anticipate a strong East Indian influence upon fall fashions as a result of the large representation of the Orient that will probably participate in this celebration.

There already is an apparent trend of fashion toward these oriental effects and there is little doubt that the fall season will be one of striking innovations and rich materials as well as "coloring."

A new hat shape carries out the fashionable pointed idea. The shape is a large drooping one with spreading pointed sides. It was faced with black velvet and its sole trimming was one of the new feather waves from the Parisian ateliers that is to replace the forbidden aigrette and which is equally as handsome as the latter. This was placed at the left side near the back of the hat and made a most effective trimming.

The Parisian dame of fashion now confines her rings to one color. The stones may be of various shades and may be set in diamonds, but the color scheme must be uniform and it is no unusual sight to see as many as seven rings in amethyst, or any other stone, worn at one time.

The long popularity of the frill shows no signs of abatement. This dainty finish to the blouse is still strongly in evidence and one now in vogue is a sort of abower jabot. A platted piece of maline about twelve inches long is caught together in the centre with a strip of maline.

When pinned at the front of the collar it forms a most becoming fan-shaped jabot. Some of these are more elaborate, having the lower edge embroidered and being trimmed with lace or embroidered in color. These jabots are worn with collars in both the high and low effects. They are decidedly new and consequently very popular.

## The Professor's Mystery

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Phoebe, a young college professor, falls in love with Margaret Tabor, a young woman who is a student at the same college. Margaret is a very beautiful girl and is very popular with the students. Phoebe is a very serious and studious man, but he is very kind and gentle. He is very much attracted to Margaret and he is very much interested in her. He is very much interested in her and he is very much interested in her.

### CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

### Mental Reservations.

MRS. TABOR smiled slowly and expansively. "I don't want him at all, my dear; but I do very much want my dinner. Do you think it is really ready?"

Lady, suppose you poke things up in the kitchen a little if you can. I am nearly famished."

"Well," said I, "I had nearly forgotten about supper, and I believe we are to have waffles at the Inn to-night," and I got to my feet.

"Mr. Crosby, waffles or no waffles, you are not to go," said Mrs. Tabor. "Here we are just started upon a nice little visit, and these ravenous people of mine come bursting in from goodness knows where or what, and begin clamoring for food. Since we must eat, you are to eat with us."

I said something conventional, with an apologetic glance at Mrs. Tabor. He was frowning at the ceiling as if he had not heard.

It was hardly a comfortable meal. I felt that I should not be there, and that the others, though for no personal fault of mine, were wishing me out of the way; while Mrs. Tabor, confined her conversation almost entirely to me in a way that made me obviously a butt-head against them.

She was bright and chatty enough, but I could plainly feel the uneasiness under it; and as the meal progressed she became more uneasy still, now and then turning suddenly in her chair or laying down her fork with little abrupt decisions that came to nothing, as if she were hesitating on the brink of a plunge. Twice she stretched out a hand for silence, listening over her shoulder

a moment, and then hurrying back into the meaningless and interrupted conversation.

As we were eating dessert, Doctor Reid came in for a moment. That is, he came as far as the door, and I thought Mr. Tabor made some sort of gesture to him below the table-top. At any rate, he turned on his heel and left, after a nervous word or two. I looked around to see Mrs. Tabor's face set and stern, every little prettiness of expression fled. I must have stared, for she smiled after a moment, and nodded at me mysteriously as if I alone shared the secret of the dimpled she had voiced in the afternoon.

"Come, mother dear," Lady said softly. "Here are the rest of us nearly through, and you've hardly touched your tea."

Mrs. Tabor looked up, vaguely apologetic. "Why, Miriam, I'm sure I beg your pardon, she said. And very nicely she took up her spoon."

Of course it was the most natural slip in the world, and meant absolutely nothing; but I could not put out of my mind the feeling that some unrecognized bomb had been exploded in my midst. I could not be merely imagining Lady's deepening color, nor the nervous hurry with which she forced the conversation. Mr. Tabor and I helping as best we might, and at best ungraciously.

I could not shake off that sense of a common consciousness whose existence none of us admitted, of something vividly present in all our minds but not to be noticed in words, which makes it so difficult for a whole company to keep their countenance in the face of an untactful situation; the strain which people feel when one unconscious bore afflicts the rest, when a stranger rushes in upon the heads of an unfamiliar intimacy, or when somebody makes an unmentionable slip of the tongue.

I knew that Lady and her father were embarrassed by me, and through the laborious unconsciousness of the next few minutes, the name of Miriam rang in all our ears until the very air seemed as it were to grow heavy with the weight of her existence. The tension grew minute by minute as we talked, until I felt as if I could hardly keep on. And Mrs. Tabor, looking up in a comfortable pause and finding us all at gaze, broke down entirely. Her eyes filled, and she pushed back in her chair.

"George, dear," she asked, pitiously. "What is the matter? What has come to you all?" Then, as Mr. Tabor hesitated for an answer, she turned with a despairing little gesture to her daughter. "You tell me what it is, Miriam," she cried.

Mr. Tabor rose from the table. "With your permission, my dear Crosby and I will go out and smoke," he said. "There isn't anything the matter. You only imagine it, and you need Lady to tell you so."

Mrs. Tabor turned to me quickly. "You can smoke here just as well," she said, hurriedly. "I like it. And besides, you are the only one who seems to have anything to say this evening. These other dear stupid people are both acting as if we were sitting at baked meats instead of a pleasant tea. I can't imagine what has got into them, unless they have some dark secret of their own." She was cheering visibly as she spoke, but with the last words her face clouded again. I did my best to keep the talk moving after that, though heaven knows what I found to say.

As soon as we left the table Mr. Tabor suggested that his wife was very tired and that she should go to bed. She agreed reluctantly enough only when Lady joined her father in his importunity and said that she would go up with her.

At last she rose and bade us all good night; but when she and Lady were at the very door she turned and looked back at us. "Then of a sudden she ran lightly across the room and stooped to my ear. 'I have a little secret of my own,' she laughed across at her husband. 'Then very awfully and with a catch in her voice she whispered: "They are trying to take Miriam away from me!"

### Summer Resort Puzzles.

By Sam Loyd.



What two New York mountain resorts are represented in the picture? Answer to yesterday's puzzle: Promised Land and Mesquite.

## By Wells Hastings And Brian Hooker

### CHAPTER XVI.

### Meagre Revelations.

GLANCED instinctively across at Mr. Tabor, to see if he had heard; but his reference was only to his wife calling Lady "Miriam," not to her whispered words; but what could those words mean? Where was Miriam? And if this house were in some way divided against itself on which side was I? Then I became suddenly conscious of my silence.

"Surely there is nothing at all strange in that," I answered. "For a mother to call her children by one another's names is the commonest thing in the world; especially when—— I stopped, wondering whether I were quite sure that Miriam was dead."

"Yes, natural enough, of course," He spoke absently, then went on as if answering my thought. "And then, Mrs. Tabor was greatly shaken by my first daughter's death; so much so that she has never quite recovered herself physically. Sometimes, even now, she hardly realizes it. I think that Miriam is not here."

"He looked down at his hand, then raised his eyes steadily to mine. "That was several years ago," I said, to my surprise. "For a mother to call her children by one another's names is the commonest thing in the world; especially when—— I stopped, wondering whether I were quite sure that Miriam was dead."

"Two years. We have to keep Walter Reid out of her sight, although she is very fond of him, because his actual words and ways make her remember. Perhaps it was the effort to convince herself which made him seem less easily to explain. "I must be growing stronger though, all the while," I suggested. "And from now on, we shall have peace from Carucci and all other disturbances he brings in his train. He did not answer, and the discomfort of silence settled heavily down. I began to hear the clock ticking, and to be half-conscious of my own breathing. Some one crossed the room above us and I was almost sure that I had heard the first ship he could find and be off to sea, out of mischief. His black hand, however, was all nose and mouth. He was nothing to be afraid of, more than a black-faced bogey to frighten children. "An' he'll keep his promise, sir, so me, 'cause 'f he knows what I'll be givin' him if he don't. He only waitin' till his week's out so he can draw his pay; then off he goes to New York, an' away on the first steamer that'll take him."

(To Be Continued.)